The Story of Abigail Graham

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by snapdragonpop007

Summary

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"Did I ever tell you how I got Abigail?"

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Something on your mind, my love?”

Will hummed, tilting his head to look at Hannibal.

They were lying in bed, exhausted from sex and murder and the thrill of the hunt. It was a nice feeling, Will thought, to be tired and boneless and curled up against Hannibal.

“Nothing in particular.” Will mumbled. He reached a hand up, burying his fingers in Hannibal’s hair.

Hannibal kissed him, pulling Will onto his chest as he rolled over onto his back. Will laughed, pushing himself up on his hands for a moment to look at Hannibal. He really was beautiful—Gomez had compared him to a Greek god at one point, and Will couldn’t disagree with him.

“We should have ‘Ticia and Gomez over for dinner.” Will mumbled, lifting a hand to trail his fingers down Hannibal’s jaw.

Hannibal caught Will’s hand in his own, pressing a kiss to Will’s palm. “I think that would be delightful.”

Will smiled. He kissed Hannibal again, then rolled off his chest and tucked himself into Hannibal’s side. Hannibal let his hand settle on Will’s hip, right over the bruises he had left on Will's skin several minutes ago. Will sighed in content, lifting a hand to rest on Hannibal’s chest.

“Did I ever tell you how I got Abigail?”

Hannibal looked at Will, eyebrows raised in question.

Will smiled. “I was still with the New Orleans police, but I had been on loan to the FBI at the time.”

—

Will sat at Jack Crawford’s desk, tapping a pencil against the edge of it as he stared out the glass walls of Jack Crawford’s office.

He had figured out who the Minnesota Shrike was weeks ago, but he hadn’t been particularly inclined to return to Louisiana at the time.

He had just told Jack Crawford who the Minnesota Shrike was a day ago, and he still wasn’t inclined to head back to Louisiana.

Not that there was anything wrong with it. Will loved the city and the state, but he was missing his family terribly.

He needed a change of pace.

“You waiting for something, Graham?”

Will looked up.

Beverly was leaning against the doorway, arms crossed and eyebrows arched. Then she smiled, sauntering into the office and taking a seat in the chair across from Will. She propped her elbow on the desk and deposited her chin in her palm.

“Told Jack who the Shrike is.” Will’s tapping got faster. “Just waiting for him to come back with the warrant.”

“It’s about time!” Beverly sat back. “You’ve been sitting on that for weeks!”

Will just offered a shrug. “I was having fun with it.”

He and Beverly had gone to the academy together, but where Will went back to New Orleans and the bayou Beverly went up north to Quantico and serial killers.

“Just think of all the fun you’ll have when you get to storm the castle.” Beverly snatched the pencil from Will’s hand and tucked it behind her ear. She was still smiling. “You get to wave your gun around.”

Will frowned. “I'm not gonna kill him.”

Beverly arched and eyebrow.

“I will try not to kill him.” Will amended.

“Uh-huh.” Beverly didn’t look like she believed him.

Before Will could try and defend himself any further Jack came busting in, red faced and angry looking. He yelled something about needing to go right now and hostages, but Will ignored him and ran out the door and past Jimmy and Brian and the rest of the agents scattered in the building. He jumped in the driver's seat of the waiting car, hardly waiting for Jack to close the door before he took off.

The thrill of the hunt was singing through his veins—the prey he had been stalking for weeks was finally near enough, and Will couldn’t keep the delight of it away.

He left Jack in the car as he ran up to the house, having agreed earlier that Will was to go in first, as he was a more active duty officer than Jack was. The door to the house was cracked open, and Will pushed it open the rest of the way and slipped inside.

It was silent. Eerily so.

Will frowned. He slipped the gun back into the holster, slipping his knife from the strap around his ankle. He slipped out of his boots, keeping the knife close to his chest and his fingers on the wall as he moved through the entry hall.

The further he went into the house the more signs of struggle he saw.

A picture knocked of the wall. A cracked mirror. Blood spatter. The trinkets on the fireplace mantle knocked to the ground. A dent and crack in the plaster of the wall. Mrs. Hobbs lying dead on the living room floor, the knife used to cut her throat gone.

Will looked at the body for a moment, then continued on.

He went down another hall, pausing at the only open door. He could hear muffled sobs coming from inside, and Will only hesitated a moment before pushing open the door.

Abigail Hobbs, hardly older than thirteen, was sitting on the floor of her room, a carving knife held tightly in her hands, blood spattered across her pale skin as her father lay dead in front of her.

Will dropped his own knife, rushing to the little girl and dropping to his knees in front of her.

She flinched back.

“No, it’s—I’m with the police,” Will leaned back, making himself seem as open as he could. “I’m not gonna hurt you.”

A sob tore its way out of Abigail’s mouth, and she dropped the knife and flung herself at Will. He caught her, falling back on his ass. Will hardly minded, and he crossed his legs and settled Abigail in his lap and let her dig her fingers in his arms too tightly and cry into his neck.

“What happened?” Will asked softly, running his hand over her hair.

“He—he came in and—and said that he—“ Abigail broke into sobs again.

Will hushed her, rocking back and forth. He looked around the room, eyes narrowing as he put everything together.

Abigail's mother telling her to run to her room and not look back. Abigail doing it without question, hiding under blankets and stuffed animals as she heard screaming and thumping from the living room. There wasn’t a lock on her door, and Abigail only just thought of it when her father came into the room. Yet she stayed under the covers, too scared to move, and when her father lifted the blankets away, placed a hand on her chest, whispered in her ear it was going to be alright she had taken the knife from him and drove it in his stomach.

“I didn’t mean to—“

“It’s okay, Abigail.” Will kept his voice low. “It’s okay.”

But Abigail had meant to, and she knew that Will knew that she had meant to take that knife and *carve*.

“Will!”

Abigail startled at Jack’s shout, digging her fingers in Will’s arm hard enough to bruise.

“In here!” Will called back.

Jack and a few other field agents came into the bedroom. Abigail hid herself in Will’s chest, and Will felt such a strange surge of protectiveness that he lifted his own hands to shield Abigail from Jack and the others.

Jack’s eyes immediately went to Abigail. “Is she alright?”

“She’s not hurt.” Was Will’s answer.

Jack looked them both over. “Paramedics are outside. Go get her checked out.”

Will stood, holding Abigail close to his chest as he marched out of the bedroom. Beverly was waiting for him on the front porch, and she jogged after him as Will made a beeline for the ambulance.

“Are you alright?”

“Yeah--yeah, I’m fine.” Will waved her off as he set Abigail in the open back of the ambulance. “Hobbs was already dead by the time I got there.”

“Already--” Beverly paused, eyes widening. “Oh, you poor thing.”

Abigail wined, grabbing onto Will’s sleeve before he could pull away. “Please don’t go.”

Will felt his heart jump into his throat. “I won’t--I won’t. I’ll stay right here.”

He ended up going to the hospital with Abigail, asking Beverly to tell Jack where he went and to grab the knife he left in Abigail’s bedroom before they left, because the little girl was too afraid to go anywhere without him.

When the nurses had checked Abigail and found no external injuries they brought her to a room and gave her a spare set of clothes to wear, telling both her and Will to wait for the doctor. The doctor found nothing physically wrong, then a psychologist came in and talked to Abigail for well over an hour.

Will held Abigail’s hand the entire time.

“Does she have anywhere to go tonight?” the psychologist--Dr. Bloom, she had introduced herself as--asked Will after she had finished her chat with Abigail. “I’d rather not keep her here if I can help it.”

“She’s coming home with me.” Will hand answered, deciding Jack could go fuck himself if he had an objection to it.

Dr. Bloom had nodded and then left, and Will slipped back into the hospital room as he pulled out his phone.

“Addams residence, this is Mrs. Addams.”

“Hey, ‘Ticia.” Will kept his voice low. Abigail had fallen asleep while he and Dr. Bloom had been talking in the hall, and he didn’t want to wake her.

“Will!” Morticia’s voice was warm, and Will was struck with such a suffering *ache*. “*How are you, my love*?”

“I’m--alright.” Will stumbled over the words. “Can I stay over tonight? I had a case and I--”

“*Will, you never need to ask*.” Will could see Morticia smiling, twirling the phone cord in her hand as she walked around the living room. “*I’ll have Lurch set up a guest room for you*.”

“Thank you.” Will gave a soft sigh, fumbling with his phone and accidentally hanging up on Morticia as Jack threw open the door.

“How is she?” Jack didn’t seem to realize he had interrupted Will’s phone call, or that Abigail was trying to sleep.

“Outside of the usual trauma, she’s fine.” Will gave Jack a glare, then gave another sigh. “I’m taking Abigail home with me tonight.”

An agent was going to have to take Abigail home anyway.

Jack frowned. “Will, you’re staying in a *hotel*--”

“My sister is in Baltimore.” Will cut Jack off before he could get much further. “I already called her about it.”

Jack stayed silent for a moment, during which Abigail whined and shuffled around under the thin hospital blankets. Will tensed up in case he had to go over to calm her, but she settled down soon after.

“I didn’t know you had a sister.” Jack finally said.

“She’s not really my--look, you weren't here, but Abigail was freaking out when other people were touching her, and I couldn’t leave her without her breaking down.” Will left it at that. No one wanted to deal with a traumatized child, especially one who had already attached herself to someone.

And Will was rather loath to let Abigail go with someone else. He had gotten rather attached himself.

“Fine, just give me the address.”

Will nodded, finding a scrap of paper and scribbling down the address of the Addams' estate while calling Morticia back.

"*Do you need a ride here*?" Morticia asked as soon as she picked up, voice warm and calming.

"Yes." Will sounded a little breathless. "We're at John Hopkins--I'm sorry--"

"*Oh, nonsense. I'm more than happy to help you, Will*."

"Yeah, but--"

"*I'll have Lurch come get you and tea ready when you arrive*." Morticia cut him off with what Will was sure was a smile. *"I'll see you in a little bit, alright*?"

"Okay." Will glanced over at Abigail. "Bye, 'Ticia."

"*Goodbye, Will*."

Morticia hung up, and Will held his own phone to his ear for a moment longer before shoving it back in his pocket. He went over to the bed, gently shaking Abigail awake.

"Hey," Will kept his voice soft. "I know you're tired, but someone's gonna come pick us up in a little bit."

Abigail sleepily blinked open her eyes. "Where're we going?"

"We're going to stay with my sister for the night." Will scooped Abigail up, holding her against his chest. "That sound okay?"

Abigail nodded, wrapping her arms around Will's shoulders.

Will lifted a hand to cradle the back of her skull, stopping just long enough to offer Jack a goodnight before leaving the room. He bumped into Dr. Bloom in the hall, who was with another doctor. Will said a brief hello to the two of them, making eye contact with the doctor before rushing away.

Will could still feel those eyes on him long after he left the hospital, and he only managed to shake it when he got in Lurch's car.

"Hi Will!"

"Fester!" Will lit up, but Abigail squished herself closer against Will and hid in his side. Will held her, angling her away from Fester as Lurch pulled out of the hospital. "I'm sorry--her father just died--"

"Oh, how awful!" Fester slapped a hand to his cheek. "That's just terrible."

Abigail peeked out from under Will's arm. She blinked and looked up at Will, then back at Fester. "I killed him."

She mumbled it, and Will felt a strange swell of pride.

“Did you mean to?” Fester asked.

Abigail nodded.

“Well, that’s alright then, isn’t it?” Fester nodded and Abigail giggled.

They made it back to the house in once piece, and after introductions and everyone had tea and settled off to bed Will sat in the living room with Morticia, cradling his third cup of tea.

“I think I’m gonna adopt her.”

“Oh, Will, that’s wonderful! Abigail is such a sweetheart,” Morticia set her knitting needles down to give her full attention to Will. “You’ll take her back to Louisiana then?”

Will shook his head. “No, I’ll move up here.”

At Morticia’s quizzical look Will continued.

“I’ve been thinking about it for a while, actually. The academy has been trying to get me to teach for years, and I could buy a house easy enough.” Will took a small sip from his cup. “I need a change of pace, I think.”

“Well, I’d love to have you closer to us, Will.” Morticia placed her hand on his knee, giving it a small squeeze. “But you do what you think is right.”

Will smiled.

--

“Now that I think about it,” at some point during his story Will had rolled back on top of Hannibal, and he propped himself upon his elbows as he looked down at Hannibal. “I’m pretty sure that doctor with Alana was you.”

Hannibal hummed. “You had looked familiar when I first met you in Jack’s office.”

“Huh,” Will blinked. “Small world.”

Then he swooped down and kissed Hannibal, yelping as Hannibal flipped him on his back and pinned him to the mattress.

End Notes

so, I felt like the last story I wrote for this au was complete, but I still have things I wanna add and expand to it, so I gave ya'll a series instead

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